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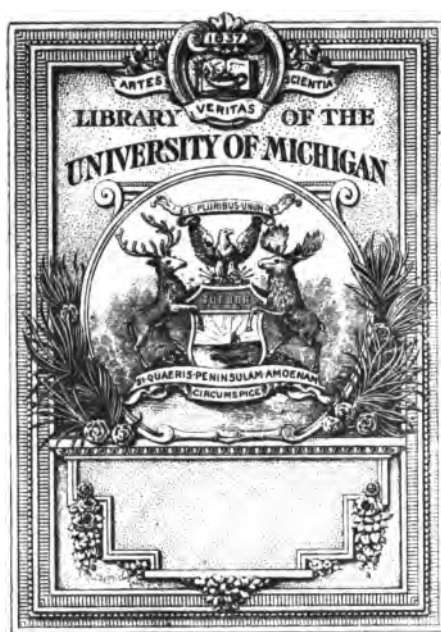
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FORGET-ME-NOTS





FORGET-ME-NOT

AND OTHER POEMS

COMPOSED BY



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1910



FORGET-ME-NOTS

AND OTHER POEMS

CORNELIA A. McFALLS



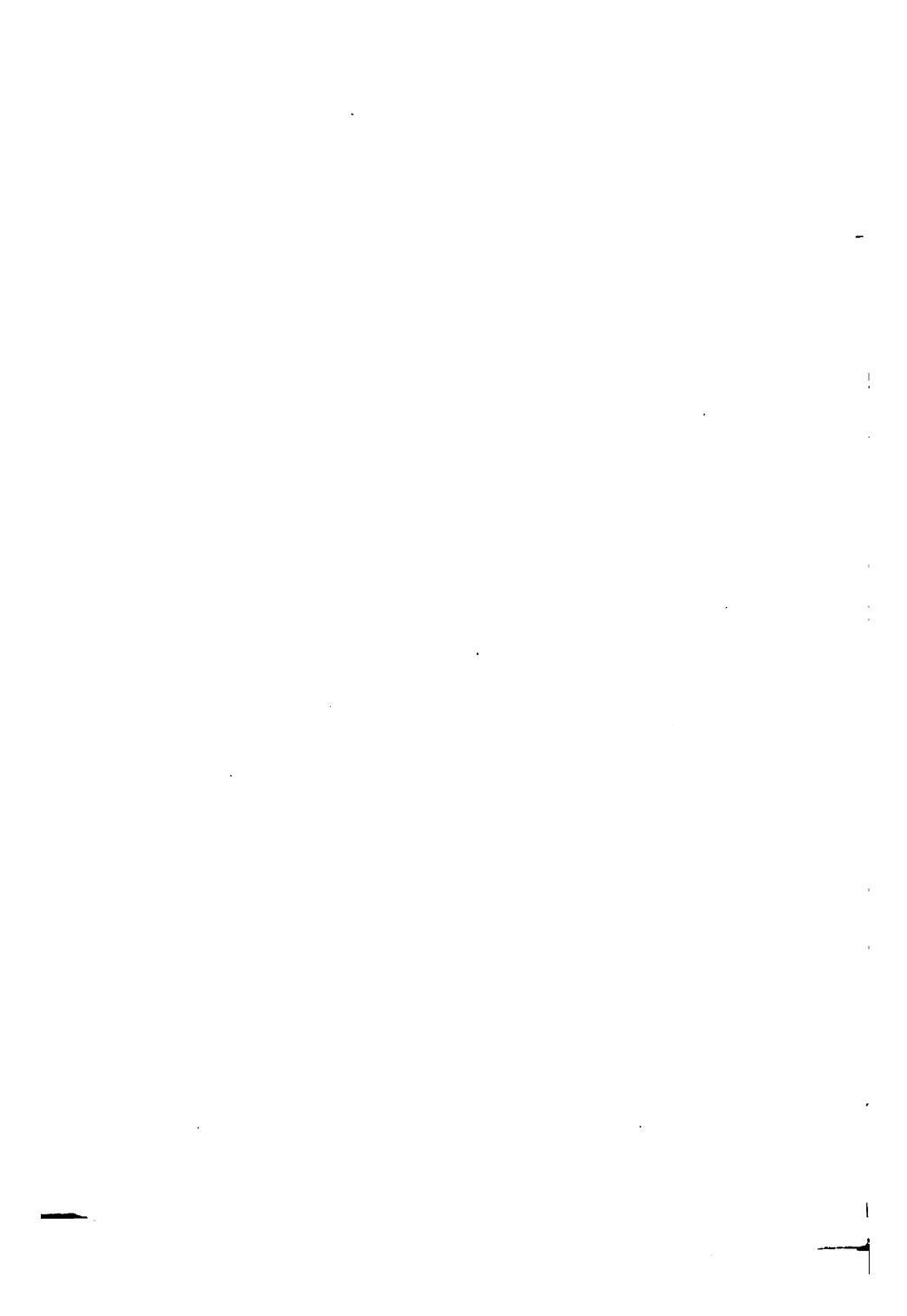
BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

0277#8.5.

This Little Volume
is dedicated to
MY CHILDREN
Who have had
All My Life, All My Love,
All My Ambition



To the Reader

*In introducing this little book of poems I feel,
to say in the words of Montrose*

*"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small
Who dare not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."*

I therefore, take pleasure in saying it was at the urgent request of many friends, who have from time to time stored away in the bottom drawer some of my pleasurable life work, being addicted to poetical fervor and romance for personal enjoyment: as from the age of 14 to 60, with pencil in hand, I have gleaned the fields of literature. I therefore ask, as a personal favor of the reader you lay aside all criticism and enter into the spirit of these little songs and the beautiful selections from other authors herein embraced.

CORDELIA A. MCFALLS

FOREWORD

The poems in this little book were in the hands of the publisher when my mother, the author, died. I have tried to carry out as best I could, her wishes in relation to the book. The sketch of her life is made up of fragments from articles written at different times, together with some personal recollections which will help to illustrate her character.

We beg the indulgence of the public for any errors, which, had she lived, would have been corrected.

A. McF. R.

Saugerties, March 15, 1910.

CORNELIA A. McFALLS

Mrs. Cornelia McFalls, the daughter of Linus and Charity Potter Pierce, was born in Rossie, St. Lawrence County, New York, May 10, 1831. She was educated in the district schools of her time, and later became a teacher. Of a studious nature, she spent much of her time in study and became one of the best informed women in Northern New York. She gathered the things that count, had quick perceptions, and took at a breath, as it were, the complete meaning of the author, so that she made herself a woman of rare culture and true refinement.

When she was twenty-three years of age, she was married to David McFalls, a young doctor in her native town, who afterwards became a physician of great skill and ability. Both were always identified with the best interests of the community.

The atmosphere of their home was something beautiful. Even the commonplace routine of daily life was uplifted by a remarkable acquaintance with the best thoughts of the world's literature. To-day their children's memories are stored with quotations implanted from the every day conversation of their parents.

Mrs. McFalls was the mother of three children, the oldest, Louisa, died of diphtheria at 5 years of age, and her body is buried at Rossie; reference

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to her is made in some of her poems. Mrs. McFalls possessed the true mother heart, overflowing with a great love for her home. Even after her husband's death and when her children had left her, no meal was eaten, but that the table was laid for them all. To her, they were ever present. When a little girl she united with the Presbyterian church and was a faithful member all her life.

Through the many vicissitudes of her life she carried out in a practical way, her faith and understanding of the lessons she learned. Nearly four-score years were hers and yet, to the very last, buoyancy, kindness, goodness, joy and the spirit of youth radiated throughout her being. For thirty-six years she made her home in Gouverneur, N. Y. Her fondest friends were there, her sweetest happiness and her deepest sorrow. She was ever young, however, and her heart was overflowing with that rare, sweet sympathy that made her responsive to every appeal. She was kindly in counsel, gentlest in reproof and gladdest in encouragement. Good, she saw in everyone; good she saw in everything. She hated the low, the uncouth and vulgar. Life to her was full of noble ideals and of lofty purposes.

The bereavement in the loss of her beautiful child and her dearly beloved husband, was powerless to sap the glory of her faith, or to tinge with

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bitterness her life. Though her heart was torn with anguish, and her head bowed in humiliation, her spirit rebounded, and she brushed the tears away and took on a new strength to meet life's struggles. Her heart broke forth in

"Oh God, have mercy on the pain
All feel who wear affection's chain
Have mercy on the strife
That hides the sunshine from the soul,
And bids the waves of darkness roll
On the mad sea of life.
Come in the hush of holy prayer,
And lighten up this, our wild despair,
Give to the eye of faith
The rosy tints beyond the clouds,
That have no gate but death."

Then taking up her life anew pressed forward. She lived for those about her, fond, faithful, full of interest in their every hope or project, bringing cheer and blessing by her very presence. She was ever a philosopher, getting happiness out of every experience, no matter how adverse it seemed to others. So through the many disappointments, which life held for her, her fortitude always asserted itself. There was no complaining. From sorrow she gained comfort in faith. She had

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within resources or wonderful recuperation powers. "Her mind to her a kingdom was, and her conversation was always a delight."

The centennial history of the town of Gouverneur, published in 1905, says of Mrs. McFalls:

"In the heart of this village, which loves and appreciates her warm, honest nature and versatile talent, she has sung her sweetest songs always, although no 'literary blue stocking,'" for quoting her own words, she could work with one hand and write poetry with the other; the very spirit of poesy breathes in every line of her dainty verses.

From her earliest youth she wrote verse and made for herself a name in the poet world. Her verse has been published far and near. Always overflowing with patriotism, she wrote many campaign songs. One, "Dinna Ye Hear the Slogan?" was sung over the length and breadth of the land.

Mrs. McFalls lived through the turbulent days of the Civil War. Her friends never tire of relating an incident of the time, which illustrates her great force of character.

Her husband, who was surgeon of the 142nd Regiment, N. Y. Vols., was taken seriously ill with typhoid fever at Fortress Monroe. Upon learning this fact, she left her infant son with a relative, boarded the stage, (in the days of few railroads) drove about thirty miles to Antwerp.

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There took the train for Washington. The route from New York to the capitol was carefully guarded all the way by picketed soldiers.. On reaching Washington, she learned that an order had been issued a few days before that no one could pass through the lines. She sought an interview with Congressman Wheeler, imploring him to aid her in reaching the bedside of her husband, but he could not see his way clear to give her assistance, but he referred her to General Curtis, who also was not in a position to give her much encouragement. He, however, suggested that it might be possible to get through in an ambulance. She watched her chance and finally succeeded in boarding an ambulance and after a long and perilous ride, she reached the bedside of her husband. He was near death, but under her ministrations recovered his health and was able to tell how his plucky wife, through her heroic efforts, had saved his life.

From her earliest years, she was known for her activity in every day or social life, or in any matter which came to her hand. It was she who was chosen to promote any good cause, to lead in any movement, in the community in which she lived. To the very close of her life she prided herself in keeping abreast of the times and she would not allow herself to falter in her steps nor in any way favor her age. Always a helpmate to her hus-

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band in earlier years, she ministered to the sick, or assisted him in surgical operations.

In his political life, she made him many friends by patriotic poems or songs. When elected to office, she left her home to be with him wherever duty called him.

Loyal to her children, she put forth every effort to lead them in the highest paths of her ambition, and sacrificed personal comfort that they might receive an education. That Mrs. McFalls had a marked individuality, every one who knew her knows. She was a self-centered woman, and had resources within herself for personal enjoyment. Often she said she was never lonely, that she had more company than she could entertain on the shelves of her book case, or in the recesses of her mind. No resource can quite equal books when one is alone and lonely. It was her greatest pleasure to give her sorrow or joy embodied form in verse.

With magic touch, she gathered the loveliness from lawns, streams, birds and flowers, with a heart peculiarly awake to every impression of beauty and sublimity, seeking companionship in nature's realm. To see her with a basket on her arm, wandering out to some little rivulet or covert, was a familiar sight. Here she would remain all day; make a pot of coffee over an impromptu fire and

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with a favorite book of poems in one hand, pencil and pad, be as happy as the birds that caroled around her. Thus life to this lady was a dream of sweetest enjoyment. "She envied not the rich their state, but looked with pity on the great and blessed her humble lot." The only envy she was ever known to express, was when reading some beautiful thoughts, she would lay down her book and with a gesture peculiarly her own, exclaim, "Why couldn't I have been the author of that?" One of her last written thoughts was,

"I cannot reach the heights, Oh God!
With longing I aspire to lift
My soul in clearer thought,
To mount in reasoning higher."

Her hospitality was phenomenal. No one was allowed to leave her house without refreshment, and no one enjoyed the treat better than she. No one was ever turned away from her door hungry. The snarling dog or misused cat and the little timid birds found a refuge with her. One day a guest at dinner felt a peculiar sensation at his foot, and looking down, saw some little sparrows under the table looking for crumbs. "They are a part of my family," she explained. Then repeated this little poem of hers.

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I caught a bird upon the wing,
And thought its plumage fair,
I tossed it forth the wind upon
To see it fan the air.
I thought to clasp it quick again,
My little bird of song,
But no; it lighted on a limb,
And warbled forth a song.
It arched its little head and neck,
All flecked with golden hue,
And peering down with sweetest song,
Warbled a clear adieu.
With outstretched hand I tried again
To clasp the pretty thing;
Again it fluttered in the air,
And on its downy wing
My beautiful was lost to sight.
It soared away beneath the stars
Through the shadows of the night.

In every storm she was like an oak, a rock; in the sunshine she was a flower; in the shadow, a sunbeam. Impatient with technicalities, with pretence and deceit, she lived with, but yet apart from many whose narrow horizon kept them from seeing or understanding her high ideals of life. She loved the beautiful and the good. She reached toward the heights, and was the friend of heroic souls.

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The record of her generous life is like a vine around the memory. It would not become us to speak before the world of some of the trials of her life, nor could it be spoken, but it will help others maybe, to know that it is possible to live above the bitterest woes and like her, to live in a higher atmosphere.

When she was seventy-eight years of age, she was stricken with paralysis and lived only five weeks, but her courage never left her. Her mind remained clear and active and she bore her illness with the same fortitude which was the keynote of her character; even when the power of speech left her, she made herself understood and at the end quietly and beautifully sank to sleep.

Adjoining the home of her girlhood in old Rossie, on the banks of the Indian river, a portion of land was many years ago reserved for a burial ground. Here beside her loved ones, she is laid to rest. The following lines picked up on her study table, in relation to this beautiful place, were probably the last she ever wrote.

The sun has uncovered the grass mounds,
And the snowflakes have melted away
Into dew drops of tears forever
On the bosom of earth they will lay.

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And I visit the graves of my loved ones,
And I think of the days that are o'er,
Of the ties that are broken so binding,
Now linked to the heavenly shore.

And I mourn for a sister, whose earth love
Was deeper than fountains below.
For whenever by sorrow afflicted
For me would her tears overflow.

Where the half-brothers, sleeping would waken
If they knew that in sorrow I roam,
For affection had builded a temple,
And roofed it with love o'er our home.

Oh yes, I am standing beside them,
Where my beautiful darling is laid,
With her long auburn curls in the casket,
Twined with rosebuds that never will fade.

Here the sunshine falls on the hillside,
Here the moonbeams rest for the night,
Here night's curtain is folded around them,
As it falls 'neath the twinkling light.

By the banks of the old Indian River,
Whose tide never ceases to flow,
Where pond lilies dance on her bosom,
As onward the crested waves go.

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Oh eddy, forever, I pray thee,
'Round the banks where my loved ones now sleep,
Lulled to rest by the murmuring music
Of waters that chime to the deep.

Sleep on, 'till the river shall broaden,
Where all of earth's people shall be
Gathered home in the mists of the morning,
As ripples that float on the sea.

Mrs. McFalls is survived by two children, Alida, wife of Dr. Stanley C. Reynolds, of Saugerties, and David, a lawyer of White Plains, and a dearly beloved brother, Linus J. Pierce, who lives in Duluth, Minn.

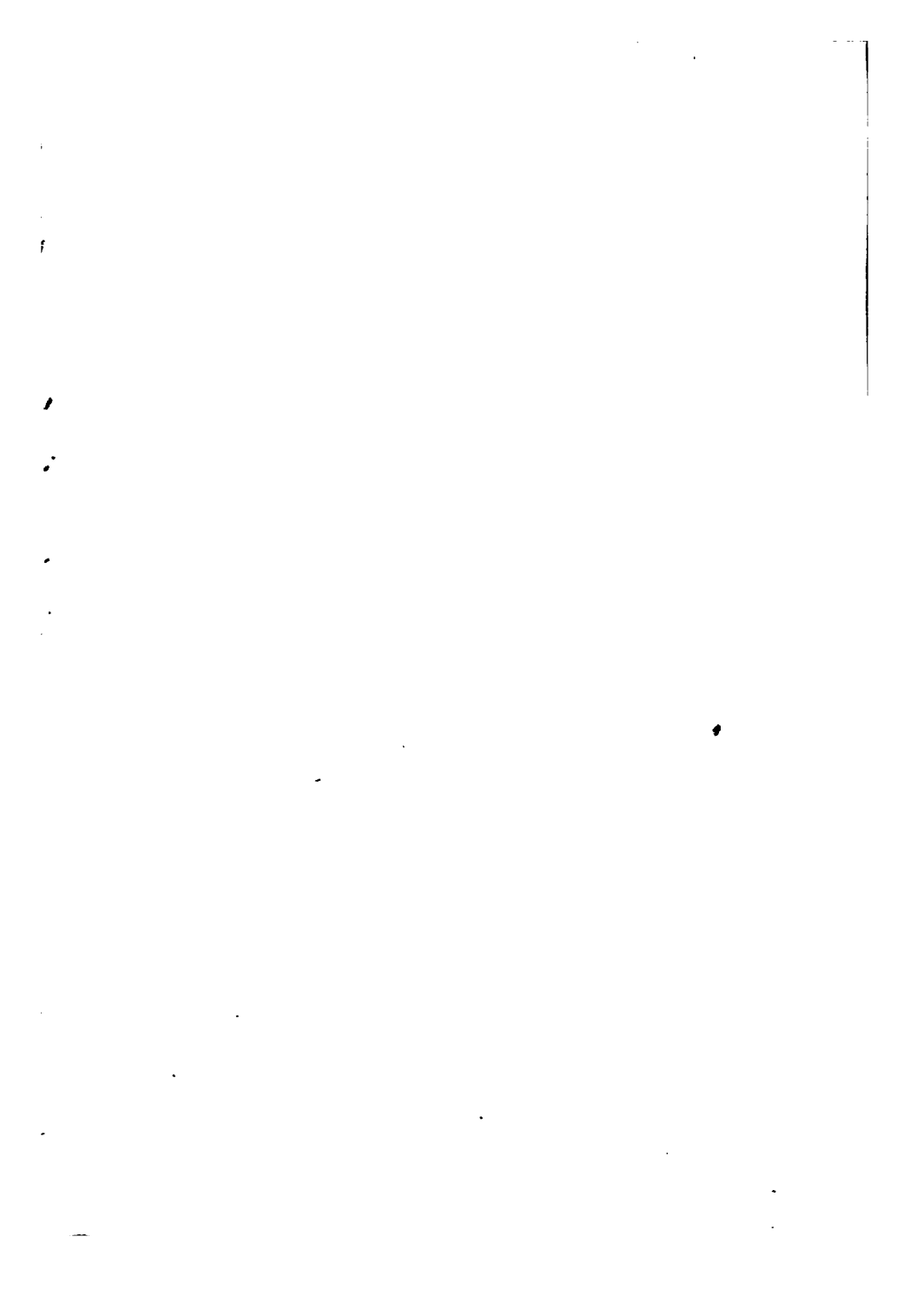
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FORGET-ME-NOTS



SILENT PRAYER

Ye whose hearts are filled with gladness,
Who, God's bounties richly share,
Bless the light that gilds your pathway,
Lift your heart in Silent Prayer.

Or should clouds around you gather,
Changing joy to dark despair,
Light breaks through the misty morning,
Joy returns in Silent Prayer.

When the weak in faith are faltering,
Bending 'neath their load of care,
Oh sustain their tottering footsteps,
Bid them trust in Silent Prayer.

Skies peer out behind the cloud caps,
Gemmed with colors rich and rare,
Clouds may wear a silvery lining—
Lift thy heart in Silent Prayer.

Life's deceitful, false, and fickle,
Weaving oft the tempter's snare,
If we would escape its follies,
We must trust in Silent Prayer.

Traveler, on life's dreamy ocean,
Weaving fancies, bright and fair,
If you glide adown life smoothly,
Guide thy course by Silent Prayer.

CHILDHOOD HOME

Brother and I,
There were only we two!
My brother and I
Who'd been petted and fondled
As the years had gone by;
By the Indian River, our dear
Homestead stood,
O'ershadowed by balsams
Of evergreen wood
Behind it, the orchard,
The meadow and hill
The barn and the rocks
And the old grinding mill
Before it the roadway,
Laid out by the stream
At the bend of the river
Our childhood's first dream
Where the home all unique
By itself seemed to stand
With its o'erarching eaves
On its own titled land,
'Twas a dignified home
For the dear father's hand
With a waive and a look
Was a word of command;
And he brought to this home
Very early in life
One of nature's own children,
A beautiful wife.
And she was our mother
Whose poetic mind
In everything lovely
Contentment could find.
For nature had fashioned

In forming its plan
At the bend of this river
A loved haunt of man.
E'en the row-boat seemed happy
And rocked to and fro
As if half impatient
O'er the waters to go.
As gleefully, gladly
We pushed from the shore
To beat the wild waves
With the tip of the oar.
As out on the bosom
Of this beautiful stream
We caught the first glimpse
Of the poet's fond dream
For nature has voices
They speak from the deep
And the secrets of childhood
Forever will keep.
Thus my brother and I
Had a world all our own.
Where nature's enchantments
Around us were thrown!
Thus we grew independent
Because of the way
We heeded but little
The course others lay.
But life has its span
And when youth-time is o'er
The gray mists will gather
To cloud our life o'er
While old Father Time
With his cold, frosty mien
And his visage of age
On the face, will be seen.
But the Indian River

Will flow on to the shore.
Where our ancestors sleep
By the home evermore.
But the homestead so dear
Has now gone to decay
For Time's rusty fingers
Are working alway.
For the well curb is gone,
And the porch looking o'er
The beautiful flower beds
That blossomed of yore!
But the charm of that home
That dear mother so fair
With her white, snowy cap
And her silvery hair,
In her poetic nature
Is lingering there.

BONNIE-CASTLE

Ye moaning winds that round this island sweep,
Ye rolling swells that murmur from the deep,
What sad lament is borne upon the air
Round Bonnie-Castle and her scenes so fair!
But yesterday, all towering in her pride,
This queen of beauty by the riverside,
Robed in the brightness of a summer day,
Lulled with sweet music where the waters play;
Adorned by lovely scenes, by nature blest,
Where cultured genius found delightful rest,
Here to repose where nature seemed to smile,
And draw enchantment round this lovely isle;
Where art and nature, striving to outvie
In light and beauty, drew the wanderer nigh;
Here on the rocks in little basins laid,
The flowerets blossomed in the grateful shade,
Kissed by the sunbeams, watered by the spray
Of proud St. Lawrence coursing on her way.
Oh, Bonnie-Castle, sad be thy lament
O'er death's untimely frost so early sent;
E'en lovely nature moistens with a tear,
And dewdrops gather round the silent bier.
The trailing vines unclasp their fond embrace
And droop in mourning 'round this lovely place,
While tender mosses, springing up before
From slightest pressure, seem to rise no more;
Mourning perchance, as lifeless things may weep,
In drowsy slumber not in endless sleep.
Nature inanimate may revive again
And know no sorrow, feel no mortal pain;
But grief wears furrows through the saddened heart,
And life grows weary when the loved ones part.
E'en the poor mastiff whining at the door
Scents for the footprints that return no more;

While fleet "Camilla," restless in her pride,
Sways half impatient on the foaming tide.
Thus not for faded flowers this sad refrain,
But inspiration, waking not again,
For robed in all thy beauty, Nature, know
No more of greatness genius can bestow
To this fair isle, where deathless, envied fame
Binds brightest laurels round good Holland's name.

DUST OF THE DESERT

"An Affliction But Not Impure"

There's many a desert in life, dear friend,
Vast swelling, thro' clouds unseen,
But never a cloud of dust so dense,
But a calm will come between;
And a breath of pure, sweet air float in,
With life's reviving power
O'er the desert sands, as pure and sweet
As spring's refreshing shower;
While Arabian desert's royalty dust
Of Ptolemie's withered prime,
Will float away with the desert sands,
With the delicate sweets of other lands,
Away thro' the realms of time.
And so, let the beautiful Nile flow on,
In the swell of ancient lore,
While travelers, we, glide on thro' the sands,
Till time shall be no more.

THE PROSE AUTHOR AND THE POET

Bent to his task, his head bowed down,
The author seemed to wear a frown
His mind was struggling for the tho't,
His eager visions vainly sought.
A poet came along that way
And to the author turned to say,
What makes you work so hard to bring
To light, your mental reasoning?
Your thinking powers must have their play
In nature's prompt, suggestive way.
You tax your mind in worrying long,
Why don't you weave them into song?
The author rubbed his fevered brow
And said, I wish you'd tell me how.
You try too hard, the poet said
Use easier terms for prose instead.
It may be grand in lofty strain
To seek for that, and seek in vain.
In poet lore our visions lie,
Like snow flakes fluttering through the sky.
We catch them, as they are flying by.
And let our pens the medium be
To work the problems easily.
We have a sort of thieving way
Extracting juices where they lay.
We cull the flowers, the essence take
From prose along the lines you make
Your cultured tho'ts your dreams we chime.
And thread them into verse of rhyme
Thus in our field we work together
Through time and tide and know not whether
The products of our minds will be
Received with friendly courtesy.
"Not always gilded spurs are worn

The brighter by the better born!"
The author raised his eyes and said
Jocosely, have you lost your head?
Oh! no, the poet made reply
The difference lies 'twixt you and I
Now which the genius do you know?
We've neither of us much to show
If we were not or if we were
We'll leave it to the publisher.

TO LITTLE STANLEY JIM

Baby mine: behind time's curtain
I can see thy dear, sweet face
Nestled softly in love's bosom
Sleeping in a warm embrace
O! if all the love I cherish
In my heart for thee and thine
Thou couldst know, thou'd know, dear baby,
How love's links around thee entwine:
And when time shall lift his curtain
And thy lovely face I see
Thou wilt know the ties that bind thee
Ever fondly unto me!

Grandma.

And then another baby came
And little Fummy was his name
And then! the love we had before
Was all we had, we had no more
From Stanley then we had to take
Some love away, for Fummy's sake
But first the mother all the same
Had all the love that will remain.

THE LOST THOUGHT

Why! where is it gone?
It has vanished before me
The drift of my song
Why didn't I seize it?
A vision will fade
Unless the foundation
Most quickly is laid
'Twas a bright dream of fancy
Delusively played.
With the tips of the fingers
Where genius is laid.
It has gone beyond vision
Away and away
To the plains of forgetfulness
Forever to stay.
And I called up my reason
And searching it o'er
The chambers of memory
I vainly explore.
O, where has it gone?
I would thread it in song
To carry the vein of my metre along
It's just like a link
That gets out of a chain
You cannot replace it
And hold it again
Good bye to yon thought
We can gather some more
In the realm of genius
We love to explore!

THE RAINBOW OF HOPE

O! Say! do you see it?
What beautiful rays
The Rainbow of Hope,
In its promise displays.
It is rich, to enjoy it,
To feel the bright glow
If only a moment
It falls here below:
No matter how great
The aspiring may be
Or how small we may hope
The fulfillment to see!
Oh! beautiful hope!—
If forever you'd stay
In your many toned colors
To brighten life's way
If we could but clasp thee
And hold thee to see
Through fathomless ages
Whate'er is to be
O! it's easy to catch it
Hope's rainbow above
But the world would deprive you
Of all that you love!

THE LITTLE STREAMLET

A little streamlet found its way
Adown the mountain side
It sparkled in the sun's bright ray
In all its native pride.
A mighty ocean rolled along
In all its majesty
Unmindful of the little stream
That wended to the sea!
But not a verdant spot was seen
Along old ocean's way,
While nature spread her mantle green
Where'er the streamlet lay!

TO THE STARS

An Extravaganza

Or How the Poets got after Each Other

A poet in Portland fell in love with the stars
And the planets and moon
With its broad level bars:
And his soul was so full of the beautiful rays
That night in its glory
So richly displays
That away went his thoughts
All illumined by light
To regions above
Mid the phantoms of night.
His theme was exalted
He thought he must reach
The grandest and highest
Expressions of speech.
So he gilded his pen
On the moon's golden bars
And wrote
An extravaganza to the stars!
And I was afraid that in soaring
So high, the poet might some day
Get lost in the sky!
So checking his speed
I essayed to say
Hello! over there,
You've got out of the way?
And an echo came back
From whom, I don't know.
Not even a postscript
Had aught that would show
And I studied it long

And I studied it o'er
Of this poet who wanted
In heaven to soar!
Just listen a moment
And hear his reply
Hello! who are you?
That's sending your arrows
The universe through?
Your voice is so faint
I scarcely can hear.
It must be you're dwelling
In some other sphere!
And I made reply
O, I am a vision
That floats in the sky.
And I sat on a cloud
When it saw you pass by.
But I never can show you
For this reason I fear
You'd be writing me stanzas
And calling me dear.
And the Portland echo made reply,
Well that is you, and this is I.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA TO * *

I met you by the merest chance
Beside an humble cottage door.
Thy first fond look and loving glance
Taught me to love you—yea, adore.

Is love but fancy—but a dream—
Or is it some magnetic power
Transmitting that which first did seem,
To real form, from hour to hour?

My love to me is more than earth,
More than all the world beside;
Without it life hath naught of mirth
When love is not, all hope hath died.

If every sand upon the shore
Were each a gem or priceless pearl,
I'de give them all, yea o'er and o'er,
To win thy love, my darling girl.

If every star which gems the throne,
And glistens in the crown of night,
Were each a ruby and my own
I'de give them thee with sweet delight.

To wni thy love I'd game with fate;
Yea, stake my soul upon the throw.
I'd suffer torture, scorn and hate—
All joy on earth I would forego.

My being form a living wire
To stretch throughout all coming time,
And inch by inch I would expire
So I might claim thy love sublime.

Yea more than this, had I the power,
(With fifty years before I died,)
I'd give a year for every hour
That fate would grant me at thy side.

Had I a hundred lives to live,
Each to be filled with joyous glee,
I'd give them all, yes freely give,
For one sweet hour, my love, with thee.

R

A REPLY

We met by chance, 'midst stars it seems;
Your vision was not one of dreams,
You had not sought the cottage door
A rambling bard, you seemed no more.
To fall in love with one at sight
Betrays a foolish heart and light.
A love sick wight, me thinks thou art,
Without sincerity of heart;
Setting the prize by far too high,
That nought on earth beneath the sky
Had moved thee, as within the hour
You stealthily sought a lady's bower,
And half concealed within the door,
Too rudely scanned her features o'er,
'Till in thy mad, confused brain
Awoke thy *soft, sweet, honied strain*.
Come forth from out the misty glen,
With better phrase employ thy pen.
Leave off this love-sick melody,
And come, acquaint thyself with me.
Be not enamored by a glance
From maiden eyes, that beam by chance.
They may like dazzling sun-beams play
And lead thy wildering thoughts astray.
But when thou earnestly desire

To win a maiden's love, aspire
To nobler thoughts, to higher themes
Than dimpled smiles or fancied dreams.
Seek thou in womanhood to find
The noble graces of the mind,
And then, if thou should'st worthy be,
I'll freely give my love to thee.
I ask no golden sands from shores
Of peerless gems or priceless ores;
No penance due, no mocking art
By which to win this youthful heart:
But this I ask— a pledge as true
As that I freely pledge to you:
A moral soul as clear and bright
As stars that gem the crown of night.
Then wake thy poet strains to me,
I'll hail with joy thy roundelay.

MRS. D. McFALLS' ANSWER TO EXTRAV-
AGANZA TO * *

The poem which you criticise
Hath found small favor in your eyes,
This I regret—in truth I own
My prudence must have quite o'erflown
All bonds of reason or romance,
Though "not enamored by a glance."
But to be frank 'tween you and me
I gave the rein to fancy free—
Which on its tireless wing of light
To realms of dream-land took its flight.
Free as a bird it flew away—
'Twas fancy led my "thoughts astray,"
I dreamed of one I had not seen
A thought-created fairy queen,
Whose image shall forever stand
Spotless and pure from God's great hand.
Could I but see a human face
With such angelic, perfect grace,
Of queenly form and heavenly mien
(Who are alone in fancy seen)
With grace which rivals every art
A mind serene and guileless heart—
In fact an Angel from above,
Then I should madly "fall in love."
Though I'm a timid youth I own,
And o'er my head few years have flown
Yet girls or women, (all the same)
Don't often set my heart aflame.
But if this perfect one I find,
With gentle heart and noble mind,
(A lovely face too—I prefer)
I'd bankrupt love, in loving her.
For what she gives in love each day,

Ten thousand fold I will repay,
 For every good and noble thought
 I'll pay in acts which Christ has taught
 We all should do; and daily bring
 A true heart's noblest offering.
 'Tis true in vain I e'er have sought
 A being, perfect as my thought;
 But when I found her not on earth
 In fancy's realm I gave her birth.
 A maid all pure with naught that mars,
 I sought her home amid the stars
 I *said* we met at cottage door—
 (This was a figure nothing more,
 A license of poetic lore),
 But it was on that perfect shore
 Where all is purity and bright
 Within the realm of starlit night.
 I love to think of grander forms
 Who live above all earthly storms—
 Above the withering blight of wrong—
 (Such maids exist alone in song.)
 I love on fancy's wings to fly
 Above base earth to that pure sky
 Where Angels dwell in perfect bliss
 Free from all taint of world like this.
 Now I'll descend from stars above
 To talk to thee of earthly love,
 And first of all I will agree
 That my young heart though full of glee,
 Is from all guile both pure and free,
 I *am* a saint? or *hope* to be.
 If you accept on terms like these
 I'll strive with all my best to please,
 And *you* shall have each "priceless pearl"
 I said I'd give the other "girl,"
 And rubies rare and jewels bright

Which deck the crown of starlit night,
Provided that each precious stone
 "Were each a ruby and my own."
But I'll take back that "wire" so long
 Of which I sung in the former song,
As I now prefer when I die some day
To do so in a Christian way.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

TO ECHO

You said you'd really like to know
How correspondent looked—and so
I think I'll have to break the spell
Of beauty, which you picture well.
I much regret you only care
For perfect charms and beauty rare;
Because I feel, and quickly see,
You ne'er would "bankrupt love" for me.
I was not formed in beauty's mould,
And here, my poet friend, you're sold.
The humble truth I can't disguise,
Though you my look and mien despise.
I'm old and ugly—on my face
The lines of deep drawn care I trace.
My brow is furrowed, and I feel
The weight of years around me steal.
My once elastic step has grown
To weary pace, unlike my own.
The flush of youth, the smile I wore
Have passed away. The day is o'er
When I can hope to win one thought
With kindly admiration fraught,
From hearts that only love the hour;
They wake and throb at beauty's power.
And you, my friend, howe'er so fair,
Will fading beauty's signet wear;
As you, like me, will come to know
Life's changes as we onward go.
Forgive me if I woke one strain
Through which thy heart would seek in vain
Aught that could rival near or far
The beauty of the "rising star,"

And yet me thinks I know of worth
E'en here, in this cold, dismal earth,
As pure, as spotless, and as free
From taint, as ever saint could be;
And tell me not, when you were bound
In *wedlock's chains*, you had not found
An earth-born angel, one as bright
As ever gemmed the crown of night.
One who, through life, would ever be
The guiding star, that guided thee.
I see 'twas thy *poetic lore*
That wafted thee to that fair shore,
On wings of *fancy*, not of love,
To revel mid the stars above;
And like all fancied things that reign
You sought the *loves* of earth again.
"Oh, happiness! How far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee;"
Me thinks the earth has maidens fair
As pure and true as angels are;
And if there is not moral worth
In man who dwells upon this earth,
Then let the tempest roar and hurl
Destruction o'er this sin-cursed world,
With all its wealth and pearls and flowers,
Its shady lawns and lovely bowers.
Its towering spires, its christian light,
Hurl every living thing in night.
I would not live an hour and know
I could not find in man below
A soul that did not feel the fire
Of noble, just and pure desire.
Worthy all friendship—worthy
Refined, exalted, perfect love.
But to return—in sportive glee
I only sought to rail at thee,

I feared the tortures you'd forego,
Your realm of reason might o'erthrow,
And would not have you thus expire
On that prolonged exhaustless "wire."
And pardon me if I should say
I see that at some future day,
Nor distant time—a day ere long—
They'll rank you with the Bards of Song.
And now to end this lengthy lay
My poet friend, once more I say,
Dream not your correspondent fair
My eyes are green, and gray my hair.
You'd better keep those "priceless pearls"
For fairer charms, and lovelier girls,
And do not lay them at my shrine;
They'd *illy* deck this brow of mine.
These lines, some recompense may be
My friend, in undeceiving thee.
'Tis strange that you and I were wed
Before those "honied words were said;
And stranger still that we should feel,
We ne'er would change our present weal;
Our tried, our true, our faithful love,
For charms below or charms above,
Yet vision, oft unsent, will soar
And fields of earth and heaven explore;
On tireless wing, it oft has flown,
Seeking some semblance of its own.

IN ANSWER TO "MEASURE FOR
MEASURE"

TO MRS. D. McF. ECHO

Now, to my kind, poetic friend
These lines of greeting I would send,
And beg, as you have *owned* to me,
That you shall my confessor be.
To tell the plain, unvarnished truth,
Judged by my years, I am no youth,
With rosy cheeks and curly hair—
For I too, wear the marks of care.
Some forty winters now have shed
Their snows upon my aging head,
And as those years have swiftly flown
Times' hand among my locks has strown
The silver threads of whitening age
Like lines upon life's written page.
Though time has kindly dealt by me
Still I've not been from sorrow free.
Old age strides on at rapid pace,
And carves its lines upon my face
As if it wrote in life's strange book,
Where all may read if they but look.
And see how two-score fleeting years
Have worn deep channels for my tears.
Nor have I e'en a Grecian nose
As you undoubtedly suppose—
No, its a Roman—(so to speak)
Resembling much an eagle's beak.

* * * * *

That I am "undecided" is true—
I *thought* your eyes were laughing blue;
But fate, more kind than I had thought,

Sends one great boon for which I've sought,
And lavishly my fairy queen
Adorns, with "eyes" of lovely "green."
I love diversity so well
That language lacks all power to tell
The pleasure which *such* "eyes" inspire—
They fill me with ambition's fire
To win the prize you offer me—
Because I seek variety.
I've loved all kinds of every age,
From simp'ring miss to matron sage—
And every *style*, from grave to gay,
Has o'er my heart held perfect sway.
But, no! I *will* not tell a lie,
(Although I *could* if I should try.)
I must except—(it wounds my pride,
Therefore I'll whisper it—*aside*—)
Yes—I must own the truth, alack!
I never loved one with hunch back,
Nor one whose red hair all a-blaze
Was her bright-shining, *crowning* praise—
Nor one—(I beg you'll not despise
This woeful lack of enterprise—)
I never pined, with heaving sighs
Before deep "green," or sweet cross-eyes.
Although for twenty years I've prayed
That fate would send a hump-backed maid.
(I do not jest, but speak plain truth—
One who'd had rickets in her youth—)
If only for a little while
"Till I adored her shape and style.
I'm sorry that *your* "hair is gray;"
Without disguise I'll frankly say:
I wish—well let the truth be said—
I wish your silvery locks were red;
Because through years of dark despair

I've sought a girl with blazing hair.
It grieves me that you're tall and slim,
And that your eyes are growing dim—
For I had pictured in my mind
That she for whose love I had pined,
And longed with sweet, expectant bliss,
Would be a dumpy, dimpled miss;
But now, alas, it comes to this—
That she whose lovely lips I'd kiss
Is far too tall: also I find
That like all loves, mine too, is *blind*.
No, she is of a different mould,
Therefore I *see*, that I am "sold."
Yes in my love's so ardent strength
I've sought her *long*, and find at length,
The angel whom I saw in song
Is now, in *short*, by far too *long*.
Ah, now I see when all is past,
To what queer *lengths*, love comes at last.
If nature had my love endowed
With *these* four charms, I should be proud,
Were she humped like Duke of Gloster,
I'd search Hades if e'er I lost—her.
Were she cross-eyed like old Ben B.—
I'd love, if she were a Chinee—
But if her "windows of the soul"
Had verdant hues from nature stole,
And *if* she, too, had fiery hair,
Then Heav'n had answered ev'ry prayer.
When I, at zenith of my pride—
Could live serene—die satisfied.

FRIENDSHIP

TO T. J. R.

I know not why in mem'ry's chain
One lingering tho't would ere remain
So thoughtlessly, addressed to thee
In lightsome mood, all sportively
To while an idle hour away;
Thus musingly of ling'ring day
When tho't on tho't in imagery
Seemed bound to soar in revery.
Yet this I own: I friendship find
In thoughts congenial to my mind.
"The flash of wit, the beam of song,"
Floating in native grace along,
Attract mine eye, and pleasantly
My thoughts flow forth responsively,
And mingling with those happy themes,
Am lost in meditative dreams,
Nor care from whence those gems of thought
May spring, all lovely and unsought,
For falling like a rainbow gleam
Across my path they brightly beam
And wake betimes, some stirring strain
To echo back the tho't again.
Whether of prose, or poet lore,
Thoughts flow in sweetness ever o'er
A dreamy hour, and lightly bear
The mind above its load of care.
Deep'ning in eloquence, we find
The brilliancy of other's mind
Guinding our own, like perfumed flowers,
Or earth's reviving, copious showers,
Or friendship thus innately grown
Speaking in language, all its own,

As woodland murmurs oft prolong
The breezy leaflet's rustling song,
Till lost upon some distant shore,
They cease to vibrate, evermore.

TO MRS. D. McF.

I turn aside from worldly strife,
To write one page for our book of life
Whose leaves are opened day by day,
And to my friends am pleased to say—
Ah, yes, you guess my heart aright
When you suppose I could indite,
Nought but to censure vice and wrong
In any verse of prose or song.
Or even for one moment stray
From rule of right so far away
As to o'erlook in act or thought
A deed or word with kindness fraught,
And if I read our stars aright
I think we both may truly plight
An honest heart, that each shall find
True worth in noble, upright mind.
I know in many thoughtless ways
We oft bestow the highest praise
Of gilded, hollow, empty show,
While real worth oft sinks too low—
Beneath the ban of servile cant
Which often flouts with boisterous rant
At homely, plain humanity,
(*True* ensign of nobility).
And with irreverence doth inveigh
'Gainst virtues which would far outweigh
A thousand worlds of empty fame
Which doth exist alone in name,
And yet there is throughout the land

Nobility, sublimely grand,
As to resist all taint of wrong.
One heart like this clad with the right,
Will put a hundred wrongs to flight,
And rout a legion, base and vile,
Which courts success through evil's wile.
To poetic lore I lay small claim,
And can't expect to write my name
Among the bards of great renown
High on Parnassus' rounded crown.
But still I love to scale the heights
Of noble thoughts in fancy's flights,
And when my muse has homeward flown
Ambition's thoughts have been my own.
But when you say "sometime ere long
They'll rank me with the bards of song."
Or that your friend shall stand some day
Among those names that live alway,
A praise which I appreciate,
Though I expect a humbler fate.
How strange that every earnest mind
Should range the world hoping to find
In some true breast, a trusting heart
Of which his is the counterpart.
Yet through all space in earth or sky
On restless pinions it will fly
To find that heart whose pulsing tone
Shall beat harmonious with his own.
I speak not only of love's fires,
But of like thoughts and great desires
Which mould true hearts and shape their course,
Giving to each its vital force.
Each truly noble, loyal soul,
Finds its own path, seeks its own goal
Through that true bond of sympathy
In which alone two souls agree.

And yet both bears its stamp of fate
 By which each one shall know its mate,
 Such hearts are ever near akin—
 No waste of time friendship to win.
 Each knows its own by instincts sweet
 When by some sign they frankly greet,
 Both recognize the friend long sought
 By some free-masonry of thought.
 Through that queer light which fancy lends
 Two hearts are often joined as friends,
 And cherishing each other's fame
 They are true friends in fact and name—
 (Though they ne'er met for good or ill,
 And perchance they never will.)
 Not friends, as life is understood,
 But in that broader brotherhood
 Which seeing not, feels with delight
 Our pulse-beat, in the thoughts we write.
 Strange riddle this to dwell or wise—
 Yet often doth the tell-tale eyes
 Incautiously a truth reveal
 Which we most gladly would conceal.
 Two strangers passing on the street—
 Their eyes converse when first they meet,
 Though thy lips make no reply
 The *truth* is spoken by the eye,
 Which scorns restraint—defies control
 As through those "windows of the soul"
 Each one may look and surely find
 The secrets of the heart and mind.
 The friendship you express for me
 Most gladly I accept from thee,
 And in return I pledge to you
 A wayward heart, though warm and true,
 And thank the fate which kindly sends
 Life's choicest gift, true hearted friends.

TO A SILENT MUSE

To T. J. R.

Are you lost among the echoes
That have floated on the air?
Tones that swept along thy harp strings
In a metre rich and rare.

Have the bright ideas vanished
That filled thy thoughts of yore?
With their echoes, far receding,
Die upon the distant shore?

Has the earth with all its beauty,
As beneath the autumn sky,
Lost the charm that once could waken
Beauteous visions in thine eye?

Though the verdure and the blossoms
Droop and fade o'er hill and plain,
Will not fading nature waken
Thy long slumbering muse again?

Who can speak for their dumb natures?
Who their grace and beauty tell,
When the worshipers of nature
Cease in musing there to dwell?

Does the murmuring little streamlet,
Winding 'round the pebbly shore
No more waken brightest fancies
In thy vision as of yore?

Though the air is chill, and robins
Plume their wings and fly away,
Other birds with winter plumage
Court thy fond, admiring lay.

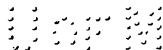
W. W. T.

Wake, ye silent muse, awaken ;
Nature lists to catch the strain.
Fling it forth in varied measure ;
Let thy harp strings wake again.

Clear and pure and bright and sparkling
Does the murmuring streamlet flow ;
Never ceasing, eddying, curling,
Whirling, foaming, on they go.

Wild winds sing and wild birds warble,
Though with frost the saplings bow ;
Each their native dirge repeating,
Why, O, why, so silent thou.

Fare thee well, if on life's pages
We no more may catch the swell
Of thy bright, poetic fancies,
Then forever, fare thee well.



THE "SILENT MUSE'S" ANSWER TO
MRS. D. McFALLS

BY J. T. REYNOLDS.

Dec., 1875.

Were I "lost among the echoes"
Which float outward on life's plain,
Words like yours would wake my "harpetrings"
To new life and hope again.

Had those "bright ideas vanished"
From the mind of th' "silent muse,"
You would say my wits "receding"
If an answer I refuse.

Had "the earth's" resplendent "beauty"
Faded out from plain and hill
My poet friend hath charms "t' waken"
"Beauteous visions in" me still.

"Though the verdure and the blossoms"
Fail to wake poetic strain,
Still my heart for thy remembrance
Would echo back a sweet refrain.

None "can speak for earth's dumb natures"
When the poet no more writes,
Though to him all earth is vocal
Who ascends Parnassus' heights.

Every "murmuring little streamlet"
Would flow in silence to the sea
Did not the poet in his "fancies"
O'erhear their purling songs of glee.

NOV 11

Though the blue-bird and the "robins"
"Plume their wings" for fairer climes,
In mem'ry's groves I see their "plumage"
And in fancy hear their chimes.

Th' slumb'ring muse doth now "awaken"
T' echo back your kindly words
That you may partly know "th' measure"
T' which his harp-strings have been stirred.

GEMS OF THOUGHT BY THE WAYSIDE

What makes the glittering sand so bright
So sparkling and clear, a luminous light
In the eventide glow
O'er the world here below?

What makes the light flicker
In shadows that play
O'er the earth where the moon's
Golden lines seem to lay?

What makes all the gems
In the pathway that lay
All clothed in the garments
Of nature's array.

The beautiful blossoms
With fragrance so sweet
The soft velvet mosses
That lay at our feet?

The murmurs of waters
The sands of the sea
The shades of the forest
The leaflet and tree?
What made them?
The Creator.

LINES

Dear friends at home, thy kind regards,
Shall long remembered be,
And all the happy hours we've passed,
So pleasantly with thee.

Though other scenes may be as fair,
And friends as kind and true,
Yet deep within our hearts will live,
Fond memories of you.

We'll not forget the kindly hands,
That smoothed the bed of pain,
Though we, perchance, will never meet
With those dear friends again.

Nor may they know when sorrow's hour
Assails our lonely cot;
But though afflictions often come
You shall not be forgot.

Could we forget our early home
And each familiar spot,
Forget the happiest hour of life;
Then you could be forgot.

Here in return for kindly thoughts
Let kindly thoughts be given,
That through faith, hope and love
May we unite in heaven.

THE FIELD OF CULTURE

*Lines read at the opening of the Gouverneur Free
Reading Room, Jan. 14, 1886*

Here let us take our onward way,
And cull life's sweets as day by day
We seek to garner up some truth,
Or stamp upon the mind of youth
An impress that may lasting be
For time and for eternity.
The pleasures of refinement spring
From every pure and lovely thing,
As rays of light will softly fall
With radiant beams o'er one and all;
For master minds have cleared the way
Through which our eager thoughts can stray.
And here's the field of culture where
We've sown the choicest seeds with care—
And who would classic fields explore,
Will find enough of ancient lore;
Or who'd survey the present age,
Can find it in historic page,
Of legends old, or history new,
Here is a full supply for you;
And here, for mental rest you'll find
The lighter reading for the mind;
For every age, from young to old,
These volumes will the truth unfold,
Till every impulse of the heart
Into new life and being start.
This cultured field will ope to you
Ideal life, and you'll pursue
A nobler course, a higher theme,
To fill the vision of life's dream.
If mind, with prosy matter rife,

Would catch the sweeter tones of life,
Here can Parnassus' heights ascend,
Where rays of beauty softly blend,
While eventide, in mellow glow,
Softly pervades the earth below.
Here, inspiration's whispering tone,
Speaks in a language all its own,
From British bards to later days,
The poet's wand its power displays—
To roam the starry spheres above,
And revel in diviner love.
Here Milton, Dryden, Cowper play
In thought's sublimest, clearest ray,
And Young, as by a magic wand,
Has touched the heart in every land.
This cultured field will yearly grow
From seedlings buried long ago;
Here Tennyson, in melting strain,
Has beautified the hill and plain,
'Till every fibre of our hearts
Is moved with thoughts his pen imparts
"As love within his glowing hands,
Is shaken into golden sands;"
And Shakespeare will to mind portray
The highest form of imagery;
While Longfellow and Whittier's dream
Will fill you with poetic theme,
Or Mrs. Heman's, sadly sweet,
Will bring you kneeling at her feet,
And turn you from your careless way,
In paths of cultured fields to stray.
Here, then, this dedication day
In kindness I would feel, to say
It needs no prophet to presage,
This field of culture will engage
The leisure hours, and help to stay

The streams of vice that bridge our way,
And manly influence will aid
Till every form of sin is staid.
And light, and truth, and every grace,
Shall make this room their dwelling place.

LEAN ON ME

Mother, thou art growing feeble
Year by year, a change I see.
Can I stay life's waning current?
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

I am strong, while thou art failing;
All thy wasting strength I bear.
I have been so fondly nourished
By thy constant, daily care.

Childhood's scenes are not forgotten,
Much—nay all—I owe to thee.
Now in manhood's strength I pray thee,
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

Life wears on and age seems pressing
Lines of care upon thy brow.
Will thou cast life's burthens on me?
Wilt thou trust me, mother now?

I will try the ways of fortune,
I will labor now for thee,
I will strive as thou hast striven,
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

Thou hast taught me many a lesson
Which my fortune guide will be;
Filled my mind with grand aspirings,
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

Oh! that time could ever change thee!
Still thy stately form I see,
Graceful, loving, kind and tender,
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

And when age shall press thy forehead,
It shall be my manhood's pride
To support thy faltering footsteps,
Standing firmly by thy side.

Life is brief, but round it centres
Many a hallowed memory.
Now while shades of evening gather
Mother, dearest, lean on me.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A NEW CORRESPONDENT

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Could trace it to familiar things,
And in its lowly guise."

There's beauty in a single word
That oft th' coldest heart has stirred
And even children's thoughts may move
The deepest fountains of our love.
I caught just now this loving strain
And would repeat it once again:
A kiss for papa, and good night;
From Robbin came in accents light,
And glancing on the upturned face,
A love for *thee* I quickly trace
Stealing my very heart—away
Our lovely child amid her play,
I clasp her now in fond embrace,
Imprint a kiss upon her face,
And check awhile her childish glee,
To turn her thoughts away to thee.
Then when I speak of one so dear,
Her dark eyes glisten with a tear.
In trembling voice she asks me then
When will papa be home again.
I stroke her hair and gently smile,
And thus her troubled thoughts beguile,
And fondle with her doll and toys,
And mingle in her childish joys,
Till I, too, in our sportive glee
Had almost ceased to think of thee.
To think of thee? No! in our home
Thy image dwells, where'er thou roam,

And memory with a lengthened chain
Of life's events, of joy or pain,
Return and thrilling through the heart,
Still light, and love, and joy impart.
I see the sunshine and the shade
That oft in light and shadow played
Around our path—yet lightly too,
We stemmed life's fickle current through,
And as the shadows passed away
All brighter seemed the cloudless day.

BIRTH-DAY POEM

TO AN ONLY DAUGHTER AT THE AGE OF 14

Now fourteen summers round your head
Dear "Bobbin," thus, have quickly fled
And all, the world, to you, will seem
Like one, continuous happy dream.
To thee dear darling, I impart;
The love that fills my inmost heart;
The cherished hopes, the fond desires,
To which a mother's heart aspires,
I read within your little face
The father's likeness I can trace
All the deep love that heretofore
Had filled my heart in days of yore;
And now again returns in thee
Looks sacred, then in memory;
Time never changes, youth must glide
From childhood's hour to Woman's Pride!
And Love, that presence, must divine!
Some time, dear child
Will too be thine!
Oh! God! I pray! this change
May be a reign of bliss, dear one to thee.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF LIFE

"Another day—another day,
And yet another wears away;"
Another year—another year,
How soon the close of life draws near;
On fleeting wings the hours pass by,
'Tis but a day, the end is nigh,
'Tis but a step from youth to age
We glide so swiftly down life's stage.
And O! what scenes of joy and strife
Are crowded in this one short life.
The flashing eye, the dimpled cheek,
The joy, the hopes of youth bespeak
But *all too soon* maturer age
Will stamp them with her signet sage.
Too soon those velvet feet must press
O'er rude, rough paths of ruggedness,
Too soon that dimpled cheek will bear
The furrowed trace of grief and care;
Too soon that stately form will bow,
Too soon, will change that youthful brow
And the elastic step give place
To one more measured, lengthened pace
Then let the bright, glad morn of youth
Be stored with gems of fadeless truth,
Calling each day, what needful be
For this life, and eternity.
O! let the early years be fraught
With only pure and lofty thought
From all base lusts and groveling soar,
Then when the scenes of life are o'er
Return to God all pure and true,
Pure as the snowflake or the dew,
Bright as the sun, bright as the star,
Without a stain thy life to mar.

RETROSPECTION

I have stood in the gloom of the evening,
At close of a wearisome day,
And longed for the dawn of the morning,
When the clouds would vanish away.

I've watched for the glow of the sunshine,
That would break through the gloom of the night,
Till my heart was weary with waiting,
To welcome the dawning of light.

And oft through the mists I have wondered,
Why round me deep shadows should fall,
To cast o'er my spirits the mantle
Of doubt, like a darkening pall.

But the hopes and joys I had fostered,
In dream-lands, appeared not to me,
And the moment I thought I had clasped them
The farther their presence would flee.

While the visions of brightness I cherished,
Like beacons of light far away,
But lured me the farther from pleasures
That followed my footsteps alway.

The sunshine of life and its shadows
So closely are blended in one
That mists may obscure from our vision
The rays of the bright rising sun.

Then here is the moral of living;
'Twere better, far better, each day
To live in the joys of the present,
While th' present is passing away.

Yet hopes that live but in the future,
Though woven in haloes of light,
May cheer us till life's span is wasted,
Though always more distant their flight.

TO MY BEAUTIFUL FERN

From the woodland I brought thee
My beautiful fern!
To place in my parlor
Adorning an urn
From nature's dominion
So fresh and so fair
To offer you freedom
And tenderest care:
I know you were sheltered
All nice, in the shade;
Where the winds of the forests
And sunset have played,
And I know that when rooted
In mosses to grow
You will droop in the clearing
Of sunlight below;
And I know that you sigh
For the twilight and dew,
And the moon and the stars
That night spreads over you,
So I give you your freedom
And again I return
To the shades of the forest
My beautiful fern.

RESPONSE

One bright day a stranger came
Sought my cloistered, cool retreat
Clasped me warmly as the summer
Bore me to the noontide heat!
Now I droop for I am lonely
Far removed from desert air
Though 'twere kindly hands that bore me
To a clime more bright and fair
I'm not born to joy or sorrow
I'm not born to wisdom's power
I that heed not the to-morrow
Have no need of care to borrow,
In sequestered green recesses
Lowly, and content to grow
Where no sunbeam ever blesses,
There my feeble breath I drew
Wreathing on, and wreathing ever
Why and wherefore? Would I ask
It was only my endeavor
Mine, was Nature's lowly task.

"FORGETMENOTS"

Over the graves where our soldiers are sleeping
May flowers of beauty are springing once more,
Nature's mementoes of kindly remembrance,
Opening their petals, now cover them o'er.

Through the green sward all their blue eyes are
peeping,
Wak'd by the warm, genial rays of the sun,
Emblems of early and warm adoration,
Breathing the freedom our heroes have won.

Types of the morn, when the glad resurrection
Breaks from the winter of long dreamy sleep,
Crowning the braves with the joy of hereafter,
Sealing the fountains where dewy eyes weep.

Nature unchecked in her warm inspiration,
Breathing through odors of beautiful flowers,
Incense of love with intuitive flowers,
Over the graves of these martyrs of ours.

Typical blossoms of tender emotions,
Springing from hearts where the braves are
enshrined;
Love for the heroes, where beautiful garlands
Yearly above them are fondly entwined.

Little "Forgetmenots" tinged with the ether,
Wearing the robes of the heavenly blue,
Kindly enriched in the soil which dear freedom
Owes to the valiant, the brave and the true.

Blossom forever when springtime revives thee;
Fondly encircle the tomb of the braves,
Tear drops shall water, and patriot hands twine
 them,
Garlands of beauty for moss-covered graves!

MARIE!

*While the battle was on at Chancellorsville,
near Munson Heights, a splendid battle horse from
whom a Union officer had just been shot, galloped
frantically into the Rebel lines, when the dashing
General Gordon seized him by the rein and sprang
instantly into the stirrup from his own o'er wearied
horse*

And we would embalm
You in song, Marie,
Thou beautiful steed
So fearless and free!
I sent a Steed, a hero, too!
Who faces the front of the battle through?
But why Marie, did you leave his side?
When he loosened your rein
And fell at your feet
On the Battle Plain?
He had stroked your mane
With his gloved hand;
Had been loyal, and true
To his native land!
And I blush, Marie,
With shame to say
You fled to the
Rebel Lines away;
From the Union ranks
On that terrible day!
Yet we honor the man
Who is brave, and true
To the cause he espouses,
Whether the Gray or the Blue
And we're glad that Gordon

Seized your rein
And you passed to the hands
Of a hero, again!
And I'm glad that he
Stroked your silken mane
To foster your pride
In the field again!

CUSTER

"Oh War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy intensely bright,
Such gleams, as from thy polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle field."
'Tis fierce delight, when warriors feel
The keen sharp edge of burnished steel
And see that in their mad career
There's lurking death and danger near.
Too daring Custer, hadst thou known
The danger round thy pathway thrown,
Thy fearless brow had paled with fear
Thy clarion voice had failed to cheer,
Thou wouldst have seen the yawning graves
That waited for thy coming braves,
Thy braves who watched thy noble form
Breast the fierce conflict and the storm,
And felt secure that thou didst lead
Their columns on to valorous deed.
To die on battle field where strife
In equal force combats for life,
Were fierce enough, but oh, to be
The victims of mad butchery.
Oft man in his ambitious hour
Sees not where dangers round him lower,
But dashing on is lost to view
Where mortal aid may ne'er pursue.
Into the "jaws of death" they ride
Reckless of aught that may betide
"Right onward" where the followers come
To meet their sure impending doom,
Where tomahawk and scalping knife
Are reeking red with human life,
Where howling demons hold their reign,
The victors of the bloody plain.

Where mad ambition reckless still
Followed the bent of dauntless will ;
And rushing on in wild career
Heedless of danger, void of fear,
Pursued the course of 'wildering track,
From whence, alas! they turned not back.
But diving deep in forest glen,
Became the prey of savage men.
Brave to a fault, must Custer lay
A mangled corpse of mouldering clay,
While his brave followers side by side
Oozed out their life's last ebbing tide.
Brave Custer! thou wilt strive no more
Thy rash ambitious course is o'er!

TRIBUTE TO MAJOR BRENNAN

The following lines were written by Mrs. D. McFalls, wife of Surgeon McFalls of the 142d regiment, in which the late Major Brennan went to the front, as First Lieutenant of D Company, and won enduring and lasting tribute

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"
But oh! how deeply do we feel the rod
Of sore affliction, when the parting breath
Shroud's honor's mantle with the pall of death.
Lamented Brennan! thus untimely lay
Thy useful life, thy silent corse away.
E'en at the post of duty, lay aside
A nation's honors and a nation's pride.
By irresistible, fathomless decree
Of waning forces, all unknown to be,
As through the realms of a stainless soul
In misty visions, doubt and darkness roll.
"Thus are we often on misfortune's shelves,
Wrecked by some fate so all unlike ourselves."
Man wants to school himself to harder fate
Than sunny pastures, where but honors wait;
For justice will not always kindly give
The meed of praise to those who nobly live—
Nor calumny withhold its slimy breath
That poisons feeling with the sting of death—
And worth and merit, aye, and genius, too,
Must battle for the right to right pursue,
And gird the mind with strength and will and power
To face misfortune in misfortune's hour.
But all the past is o'er, and that to be
Lies in the future life—Eternity!
While founts of grief, that ne'er will wash away,
Bedew with tears thy sacred memory.

The last farewell, the parting and the sighs,
The broken hearts, the severed earthly ties—
And yet in deathless fame, thy name will bear
A nation's honor and its honors share
Where flowers shall bloom amid the sparkling dew
And yearly tribute pay its vows to you.

DECORATION DAY

MEMORIAL POEM

Forty-five years ago! and yet
Our heroes live today,
Endeared by ev'ry tie
In sacred memory.
The living and the dead alike
Who, at the Nation's call,
Laid every peaceful purpose by
And rallied, one and all,
To where this land imperiled seemed—
This birthright of the free;
This Union of the many states;
This land of liberty.
All radiant with the dyes of hope,
All golden with its wealth,
All powerful when invasion comes
In boldness or by stealth:
As when the flash of cannons rent
Fort Sumter's walls apart
The lightning flash of Patriot fires
Woke every loyal heart!
Waking as winds in forests wake
When threatening storms arise!
Waking as boiling oceans wake
Beneath the threatening skies;
Waking as slumbering nature wakes
When heaven's distilling shower
Revives the dormant powers of life,
And freshens for the hour;
So too loyal patriots fired anew,
Throughout the broad domain,
Came forth in all of manhood's pride
To save the land again!

One impulse stirred the loyal heart
Which loyal hearts must feel
When challenged by the leaden hail,
And by the glistn'ng steel.
Could they allow a ruthless hand
This lovely land to sever
While o'er it floats the stars and stripes
In Union's bonds? No! Never!
One burst of indignation rose—
And then in fevered heat;
The signal for defensive war—
The rush of many feet—
Of seventy thousand troops to lead
Six hundred thousand more;
Young men, in all the pride of life,
Their hurried partings gave;
Some to return; and some to fill,
Alas! the soldier's grave.
While fathers left their little ones
Around their hearths at play,
And hastened, with a tear dim'd eye,
Rebellion's hand to stay.
Brave soldiers! On through weary march
And o'er the dangerous sea,
Till years of struggle, and of blood,
Crowned them with victory!
Oh, Glorious Union! These have won
A heritage of fame.
E'en foreign nations bow to thee,
And laud the patriot's name;
While thou, dear native land, can boast
Of loyal hearts and true
For half a million sleeping braves
Have died, dear land, for you.
On battle field, in prison pen
The dying, wounded, half-starved men

Yielding to nature's slow decay
Had blessed thee to their dying day.
And shall we not, with lovely flowers,
This day again renew
Our tribute of regard for these
Who nobly died for you?
Yes! by the garlands on these graves
Thou shalt cemented be,
And memories of the sacred dead
Restore our unity.
And long within our hearts shall live,
Till freedom's reign is o'er,
The chief commanders of the field
Enshrined forevermore;
While he who set the bondsmen free—
His life the sacrifice to be—
Living, though dead, shall sweetly sleep
Endeared in memory.
So may the soldiers live in peace
And where our brothers sleep
May flowers be wreathed by loving hands,
And kindred yearly weep;
And unity forevermore,
Linked by the golden band
Of Love, and Hope, and Charity
Unite us hand in hand—
That underneath the Stars and Stripes
This land may ever be united in one glorious
song,

THE GREAT ASYLUM OF ALL LANDS—
THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

Oh, Union! By the kindred ties
That brotherhood may feel!
By all the hopes of future years
That through their pulses steal!
By all the sacrifice of Life

So nobly, freely given!
By all the cords that held these true
While not one star was riven!
By all the Treasure lost for thee,
Thou PRICKLESS GEM of Liberty!!
Live on! so shall thy future be
United evermore;
And peace and harmony pervade
This land from shore to shore.
Live on! All freshened by the breeze
That northern regions bear;
Live on! All tempered by the warmth
Of balmy southern air;
Live on! Till ev'ry pulse shall beat
In unison with thee;
Thou Union of the many States!
Thou Land of Liberty!!

THE OLD AND THE NEW

A foretaste of winter intensely severe
Quick followed the advent of happy New Year,
With a keen, cutting breath and sharp, biting sting
It fastened its fangs like a venomous thing.

Unlike the old year, which had balmy crept
To its close by the ebbing of time, and then slept
Like the hush of a murmur, or parting of breath
Till its throbbing was lost in the stillness of death.

While nature renewed in her genial embrace
Brought forth winter blossoms in beauty and grace,
And lilacs and roses, pale, lovely and rare,
Perfumed with their sweet-scented breath the cool
air.

The moss roses sprang from their frost-covered bed,
Then withered and died as the old year had fled;
Thus nature and time sweetly blended in one
Grew weary and set like the setting sun.

Then frost king unwilling that summer should reign
Adorning the meadow and woodland and plain
Brought crystals and frosting, and beautifully wove
Fantastic adornment through forest and grove.

Not a twig but was dipped in the crystalized snow,
Nor a dried, withered fern but was frosted below,
Nor a Christmas tree during old Santa Claus' night
But was clothed for the morrow all sparkling and
bright.

Outvicing in beauty majestically grand
The festal adornments by art's skillful hand.
All hail! then old frost-king, and as you appear
We yield you the reign of the coming New Year.

A QUESTION POEM

Do you think the Creator
In forming His Plan,
In showering His favors
Was partial to Man?
Do you think that the tides
That flow out of the sea
And wash on the shores
Are there only for thee?
Do you think that the coins
Of invaluable worth
Were intended for only
A few upon earth?
If we turn a deaf ear
To the pitying cry
Of the poor in the streets
As we are passing them by.
Do you think the Dear Father
That reigneth on high
Will ever have pity on you?
If we try to be selfish and
Narrow and vain
To live for self only
Then what can we gain?
Do you think that God's
Mercy forever will sleep
Unveiled from our eyes
In the fathomless deep?
Oh! No! there'll be an awakening
When the Father will say
Come higher and show you the
Life and the Way!

Lines to Mrs. Helen Rich
St. Joseph, Mo.

*(On receiving the portrait of her little namesake,
Helen Rich Lyon)*

How like to thee, dear absent friend,
The little face appears,
With grandma's specs astride her nose,
In mimicry of years.

I'd like to hold her in my arms
And read the baby face,
Till I could, in her future years,
Thy perfect image trace.

She creeps within my heart to-night
With magic baby power
As moved the fountains of our love
In childhood's sunny hour.

The sweet breath of the fragrant rose
Delightful odors waft,
But, I would press the baby's lips
For nectar's sweetest draft.

I'd lay the little velvet hand
Upon my faded cheek
And dream of my lost baby love
Of which, in grief, I speak.

O, that from thee and thine this life
May not so soon depart,
But live a joy of lengthened years
All nestled in thy heart.

I turn my eyes from off these lines,
And scan the portrait o'er,
'Till thoughts inspiring impulse thrill
My heart through every pore.

So like to thee; nor thou, my friend,
By beauty won my heart,
But by that wealth of cultured thoughts
Thy genial lips impart.

I care not for gold that gilds
The noblesse of power—
I only kneel where wealth of thought
In copious measures shower.

Thus heart wakes heart's responsive chord
Which, thrilling with delight,
Doth touch the hidden spring within,
And purest themes invite.

So, I will graft her in my heart
Until she grows, to be,
As years float on, in face and form,
A perfect type of thee.

Then here's a kiss, I waft it thence
Upon the wings of love
And you may plant it on the brow
With "grandma's specs" above.

WAKE UP!

Wake up, each loyal man and true,
There's earnest work for all to do!
Until we have the victory won,
Let active, lively work be done.
Wake up!

Bring out your bonny boys in blue
And let *them* have some work to do.
Strike out as did the gallant Blaine,
Till shouts of victory rose from Maine
Wake up!

Bring out the torch lights, let them blaze
And clear the track, my boys, for Hayes
Vermont with hardy sons and true
Found she had earnest work to do.
Wake up!

Let music swell, and shout and sing,
And let the grand Republic ring
Till cheer on cheer at length will tell
We fought the contest long and well.
Wake up!

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM

This day with thankful hearts we bring
A Nation's laudit to our King,
This day from toil and labor free
We dedicate, dear Lord, to Thee.
We bless Thee for the peace that reigns
Today, throughout these domains:
We bless Thee that Thy loving care
Is manifested everywhere;
And every kindred tongue, the same
May join to-day, to praise Thy name,
While in accord their voices ring
Glad hallelujah to our King.
We bless Thee for the light that shines
To-day, through dark benighted minds,
That wretched souls have sought relief
In gospel truth, from unbelief,
That far and near, on land and sea
The weary soul may flee to Thee,
The poor distressed, the needy, all
May on Thy mercies daily call,
And Thou wilt hear, and Thou wilt bless,
Relieve their woes and heal distress.
We bless Thee that Thy bounteous hand
Has strewn such plenty o'er the land,
Enough for every present need
The ripe, rich produce of the seed,
The ripened sheaves of golden grain
Bedecked the meadows and the plain,
The frequent showers o'er the mead
Came ever in the hour of need.
All nature in her garland dress
Gives back her look of thankfulness;
The daisy and the buttercup
Have drank their fill of dew drops up,

The meadow queen that sinks to rest
Upon the evening's dewy breast
As though afresh in beauty born
Awakes to greet the rising morn.
The Robin red-breast folds its wing
While Nightingales at even tide sing.
Thus varying nature's all unite
To praise Thee through the day and night
Oh, may we all Thy blessing share
And join this day in fervent prayer.
The dimpled face, and furrowed cheek
May each their gratitude bespeak,
The hardened palm and soft and fair
May clasp, this day, in earnest prayer
And all Thy kindred voices ring
In glad Hosannas to our King.

TO MY GENIUS

*"Genius will shine out among the stars of
lesser magnitude surrounding it"*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

O! Slumber not! I'd wake the spell,
That thou mine inmost thoughts could tell
Aim not too high, nor yet too low!
But know just what you ought to know!
And try to stand the test of time,
To meet the foes averse to rhyme
They cannot sift a thought of thine
That do to adverse moods incline
Don't be afraid, for Genius ne'er
Was born to human hate or fear
Be firm and resolute to tell
All that you know; and know it well
Not all perhaps can easy see
The drift of thought conveyed by thee
For leaden structures of the brain
May search for glowing thoughts in vain!
In Critic's art we often see
A vain attempt at rivalry!
So be yourself as modestly
As native genius seems to be
No borrowed strength, no helping hand
Can lay the structure where you stand
You face the world, and to it say
I'll hold my own, go on your way.

A TRAMP IN CHURCH

How fickle fortune oft may lead
To soul remorse in human need
So unforeseen the course we tread
Till ev'ry hope of life is fled,
And so the tramp's bright morn at last
Was by misfortune overcast,
Success and failure often go
Through crosses that we hardly know
And when secure we seem to be
And would from all reverses flee
The hand of want we often see.
And then! we seek, and seek in vain
For that which may not come again,
To me, perhaps, perhaps to you;
The road is long we are traveling through,
And know not what will e'er betide
'Twere best divest ourselves of pride;
But oh! the world is cold to-day,
Not one kind word one genial ray
To help the needy on their way.
The tramp within the church door stood
And said the people must be good
They all looked nice while passing through,
But no one said, "Have you a pew?"
So by the Deacon set him down
Who seemed, at once, to wear a frown
And hitched along, as if to say
A tramp within my pew to-day
With ragged coat and rumpled hair.
They couldn't see the heart within
That loathed all kinds of earthly sin
Whose self-assurance seemed to say
"Like you I've seen a better day."
Around the church his eyes he cast

And fixed them on a face at last
A saintly woman face as long
As is the metre of a song.
The pastor's voice rose rich and clear
It filled his soul with hope to hear
"Come unto me, all ye who are
Weary and heavy saddened,
And I will give you rest."
A wavering thought his mind oppressed
He murmured softly, "Food and rest,"
A smothered sob, a tear dimmed eye,
He wondered if some help were nigh.
Some pennies in his vest he found
When the collection box came 'round,
"'Tis all I have, I'll drop them in
Just to absolve myself from sin."
So when the services were o'er
Unrecognized he left the door.
'Tis thus we little heed or know
Our fellowmen their weal or woe
God! help us in the Judgment Day
For what we fail to do or say!

MEMORIAL DAY

O Union! Dear Union! how sacred
The graves of thy soldiers should be,
Who are sleeping to-day on the hillsides,
In the plains and valleys for thee.

O Union! Dear Union! the moss-clod
May hide their loved forms from our view
But know there are five hundred thousand
Of brave ones now sleeping for you.

And the stripes from thy banners have fallen
And their star-spangled emblems shall be
A union thrice hallowed forever,
Whose people are happy and free.

No cloud 'neath the future horizon
Of hope ever need more appear,
For the lines of dissension are banished
And the dawn of prosperity's here.

Then Union! Dear Union! the spring-time
Reviving once more shall renew
In the hearts of thy people devotion
For the heroes so valiant and true.

And over the graves where the angels
Are silently watching by night,
And the star spangled heavens above them
Irradiates beauty and light.

Let the Grand Army comrades assemble,
With the friends, on Memorial Day,
To strew o'er the graves of our heroes
The beautiful blossoms of May.



'Tis the camp ground where heroes are resting
While the years of vacuity roll,
Till the glad resurrection awakens
The peace and the joy of the soul.

Then come with the hands of affection,
To strew them with garlands anew,
Twine the evergreen bough with the blossom
And bind with the red, white and blue.

O Union! Dear Union! how sacred
The graves of thy soldiers should be,
Where five hundred thousand are sleeping,
The martyrs of true liberty.

IN RESPONSE TO "YOUTHFUL DAYS"

Thy retrospect, my poet friend,
Through many hearts, a thrill will send;
For as the rapid moments fly
They dream of joys and loves gone by,
Of all their lost and broken toys,
Of childhood scenes and childhood joys
Which some may feel, 'mid life's stern strife
Had been the brightest page of life.
What matters, if in youth or age
Who occupy this busy stage?
If all were zealous to be good,
And live as Christian people should,
Avoiding webs that snare the feet,
E'en every stage of life were sweet
For those who 'mid earth's daily strife
Bend nobly towards a perfect life.
And when the clouds the darkest lower,
Soar grandly higher—higher soar,
Nor think that all their glory's past,
Bright joys have fled—their die is cast;
And they must yield each glit'ring hope
And 'mid desponding shadows grope;
And they no more need strive for fame,
Position, honor, wealth or name,
But sit and mope, and sigh and say
"All hopeful days have passed away."
Oh! sad indeed the man of fear
To sigh without a danger near,
To sleep and doze on downy bed
While God's rich blessings crown his head,
And when his cup is brimming o'er
He slumbers on and sleeps the more.
Awake! Arise! Ye dozy soul,
Roll off, foreboding agues roll,

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Bid sloth and lethargy depart,
Infuse new vigor in thy heart—
Why in want's dark, grim visage stare?
Did not God for the sparrow care?
And who gave to that manly form
A breast to brave the driving storm,
A foot, if only turned aright
Might scale the noblest, grandest height,
And arms with sinewy, strength which well
Could forest dense of woodland fell;
And wilt thou? Son of man—wilt thou
Fold them and say, "'tis over *now*?"
Adown the stream I'll listless glide,
I cannot stem this rushing tide,
I'll turn aside, and on the shore
Of buried hopes say life is o'er.

I AM NO RUDE ICONOCLAST

I am no rude iconoclast,
Who, with irreverent hand, would break
One sacred image of the past—
Just for cold reason's simple sake;

Yet when no floral beauties bloom,
But mud and mire and raw spring gale,
With their attendant awful gloom,
Pretends the poet's spring to hail—

With strict regard for homely truth,
I hasten straight to undeceive,
And tell each spring-enraptured youth
That she is but a "make-believe."

What you call spring, it seems to me,
Is some frail maid or fickle miss
Who promises most royally,
But pays alone with frozen kiss.

She hath her frosts, her mud and "slush,"
With dismal storming, as a rule;
Her long-hair'd poets in their gush
Make us forget her "April fool."

Her verdant bloom and gentle ways
Are faith in things we have not seen;
From what her prattling rhymers say,
We fain believe 'tis he that's *green*.

Go forth in March on woody path
To hear the royal robin sing,
And you'll return in awful wrath
And "howl" about this gentle spring.

Go, too, tempt the "April showers,"
Which fall in hail on frozen earth,
To wake the silent, sleeping flowers
From death to their perennial birth.

Go seek in May, mid ice-clad nook,
In vain for flowers beneath the snow;
Sit on the ice by the purling brook,
And feel and hear the breezes blow.

No one can tell when she will wake,
With quivering lustre rare and sweet—
With wild perfume in fern and brake,
And joyous song the flowers to greet.

But when she does there is no spring—
For summer reigns in earth and sky,
And this poor fickle, sleepy thing,
We soon forget without a sigh.

SPRING

"Spring, sprang, beautiful sprung!"
Gaily the Rochester Democrat sung.
With a flash of the pen and a twist of the tongue
He wangled his wime in a wing, wang, wung;
And thinking he must, at that wonderful rate,
Have wimed up his "wimes" in an abnormal state.
Don't wonder he cavils at poets who sing
Of the time-honored subject of "beautiful spring."
But "muchly" we wonder the elegant thought,
Expressed in the beautiful poem he wrought;
For surely he soared in the grandest of rhyme,
When he strung it in "rhamlets" the thought was
sublime.

And wonder that nature, in "longing" her "ling,"
Hadn't crowned him the greenest of "beautiful
spring."

And, while courting the muses, she grandly uprose,
And decked him the Laureate "in gleefulest gloze"
We thought that the first rays of spring time would
bring

From long winter coverts, the bipeds of spring;
But e'er the first robins have opened their lays,
The croakers and quawkers are shouting in praise,
Their envious nature, on waking, it seems
From social slumbers of long winter dreams,
Had thought that the poets were slumbering still,
And wielded in beautiful "reamlets," the quill.
If you think, feigned poet, in croaking your praise,
You e'er could resemble the robin's sweet lays,
Just think of the fable of Æsop, wherein
The Ass's ears peered from the old lion's skin,
And when in transforming the poets would sling
To the manglers of rhyme—let the "beautiful
spring"

Be sung by the muses, with God-given powers,
Who revel in spring time 'mid fancies and flowers,
While animate natures unitedly sing,
Farewells to old winter and welcome to spring.

LIFE'S BOIS'TROUS SEA

I had a friend, who, long estranged,
In devious paths from me had ranged—
Some *evil one* had tried to be
A barrier 'twixt her love and me;
And, jealous of the ties that bind
Two hearts in one, alike in mind,
Sought to prevail with evil wile
'Gainst love that bound our hearts the while.
I knew not why I came to see
A change came o'er her love for me;
She seemed to shun and I could spy
No more the love-light in her eye—
No more her kindly voice would cheer,
No more her presence lingered near;
Thus her estrangement came to be
A canker worm of grief to me;
For I had borne with saddened heart
My friend's cold look, 'till life apart
Seemed but to me a weary day,
Beneath that cold and cheerless ray,
Until with pride, which true hearts feel,
When cold indifference round them steal,
I ceased to think, and proud disdain
Brought back my former self again.
And I despised the friend who e'er
Would lend distrust a listening ear,
And sighed no more—our lives should be
Apart from each, distinct and free.
Thus had it been; but fate, more kind,
Revealed the wiles of base design,
And in an hour, regretfully
She came and talked again with me;
The same kind eye, the same fond smile,
Which would before my love beguile,

Stole through the impulse of my heart
And bade my cold reserve depart;
I saw her heart was still the same.
She fondly breathed again my name.
As love returned I gently pressed
Her kindly, warmly to my breast:
And thoughts again we interchanged,
Though long our hearts had been estranged.

MORAL

Let those who trifle with the heart
Beware! lest they in time may part
The silken thread, and rend in twain
Bonds which may ne'er unite again,
Till severed all, they, *too*, may be
Like lone barks on life's bois'trous sea.

HURRAH FOR HAYES AND WHEELER

Do you see the banners waving?
Do you hear the cannons roar?
Do you see the bonfires blazing?
And the rockets flying o'er?

CHORUS

And dinna ye hear the slogan?
And dinna ye hear the cry?
Hurrah for HAYES and WHEELER,
Hurrah! hurrah! we'll rally by-and-by.

For we hail the nominations,
And with many a hearty cheer
We will win the victory surely,
In this grand centennial year.

Chorus

We are coming on to conquer,
We will come with power and might,
For they ever fight the bravest
Who are struggling for the right.

Chorus

We will rally from the hillside,
We will rally from the plain;
For we saved the land from rebels,
And we'll save it once again!

Chorus

CONDOLENCE

I saw thee when hot tears rolled down
Thy firm and manly cheek;
I saw thee when emotions strong
Forbade thy lips to speak.

I saw thy struggle to suppress
The inward rising grief,
And knew that in those tears alone
Thy heart could find relief.

One thrill of anguish rent my breast,
In sympathy with thine;
For all the pangs you felt that hour,
In years gone by were mine.

And oh, I thought "dear Lord assuage
The sorrow of that breast,
And pour a healing balm upon
The spirit of unrest."

No earthly comforter, I knew
Could bring relief to thee,
For I had felt the same deep pang
And naught availed with me.

Time—unheard time, will steal along,
And 'neath its silent tread
The sting of grief may wear away,
While yet we mourn the dead.

To thee and her, whose tender hearts
Now bleed afresh with grief,
In sympathy I point thee to
The Savior for relief.

Who said, "I take these little lambs
And fold them to my breast—
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest."

Oh beautiful the thought my friends,
That when this life is o'er
Our little ones in Jesus' arms
May rest forever more;

Away from all the ills that wait
Life's pilgrimage below—
Away from all the sins that fate
Could round their pathway throw.

Friends of my heart, while sorrow weighs
So heavily on thee,
I pray that each by faith sustained
More reconciled to be.

BURIED IN FLOWERS.

*"Throw them all in; Mazie, dear Mazie shall
have them all"*

In a casket of flowers, of beautiful flowers,
All fragrant with dew drops and tears,
Lies dear little Mazie, the child of our love,
To rest through the *int'rim* of years.

To rest while her spirit, no longer entombed
From earth's delicate tenement riven,
Arose like the incense of beautiful flowers
And wafted its way unto Heaven.

How fair is the tomb that encircles her form,
And how sweetly the darling must rest,
Like innocence, sleeping in petals of flowers,
Or lulled on some wavelet's fair breast.

Though deep the affliction that bears from this life
The forms and the faces we love,
Yet kindly the Parent who chastens us here,
Unites us more firmly above.

Then sleep, sweetly sleep, in thy casket of flowers,
Dear Mazie, forever from sorrow,
And bright be the waking—so soon unto thee,
That will be as it were but the morrow!

Yet know that in silence full many a tear
And soft sigh to thy memory given,
Will be wafted from this, thy childhood's home,
O'er thy beautiful casket to Heaven.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust:
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just;
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silver mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,

If the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

RE-ECHO TO "WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY"

When the mists that gather round us
Quite preclude the light of day,
And our dearest joys and pleasures
Dimmed and withering fade away.
"We may read" that life uncertain
Seemeth hardly worth our stay,
And we would not care how quickly
All the earth mists fade away.
If we know that we have striven
Through the long and weary way
And have kept our course most nobly
Till the mists have cleared away.

But when morning beams all radiant
Mid effulgent beauties glow
We will know from whence the cloud-caps
And from whom those blessings flow.
And our hearts in adoration
Towards a Father's infinite love,
Wakens with a strong pulsation
For the fairer scenes above.
If we know that we have striven
Through the long and weary way
And have kept our course most nobly
Till the mists have cleared away.

If we only feel securely
That in sunshine or in shade
God is everything and only
Leaves us as our faith may fade.
We will say, to misty mornings
Dawn upon us for the light.

May but lead us from the pathway
Ere the coming of the night.
If we know that we have striven
Through the long and weary way
And have kept our course most nobly
Till the mists have cleared away.

EDWIN D. CLIFTON

With a pall of deep mourning our fond hearts are
shrouded,
The hopes and joys of our bosoms are fled,
The sunlight that gilded a life's brightest morning
Has set e'er its midday, all rayless and dead.

No longer its light will illumine our dwelling
In the brightness and beauty of life's early day.
Like the leaves of the autumn now falling around us,
The form we loved dearly is wrapped in decay.

How sad is the parting from those we love fondly,
When death bears for ever our loved ones away;
No longer their presence can gladden our dwelling;
Our nights set in darkness, and cheerless the day.

And broken the ties of a filial affection
That held us to earth in a loving embrace,
Or bonds that were stronger in life's early morning
With kindly remembrance and sorrow we trace.

Yet strong is our hope in that life all immortal
When borne on the wings of bright angels above.
The soul may find rest in that Heavenly Eden
And bask in the sunlight of God's blessed love.

The fire may burn brightly and loved ones may
gather
Within the home circle as in days that are past;
But around us the mantle of grief which has fallen,
Its weight and its shadow of mourning will cast.

Yet through the deep shadows our hearts will be
lighted

When we think of the path that his loved feet have
trod,
And the dear ones who aided in guiding his foot-
steps
And lead his young thoughts from life's follies to
God.

He has gone in the pride and the flush of his man-
hood,
Gone in the bloom and the beauty of youth,
Gone, while his cheek wore the mantle of honor,
Gone, an example of honor and truth.

Gone where the pure and holy are gathered,
Gone with the blessed Redeemer to reign,
Gone from this world with its sickness and sorrow,
Gone from distress and from anguish and pain.

Gone where the golden grain's ripe for the harvest,
When the last rays of summer were lingering still;
Gone, as the blossoms that bloom for a season,
Fading in autumn o'er meadow and hill.

Gone with a name and a life all untarnished,
Cherished and loved by the pure and the true.
Gone, while the grass o'er his grave will yet
freshen—
Moistened by tear-drops, by rain and by dew.

Gone, and may time on its swift flying pinions
Lift the dark veil that now shrouds you in gloom,
Healing the wound in your sorrowing bosoms,
And lighten your pathway adown to the tomb.

THE CLOSING YEAR

Time rolls its ceaseless course along;
And, on the distant shore,
The wave-beats of the passing year
Are heard no more.

But on the dial-plate, perchance,
Recorded there may be
The ever variable shades
Of mystery.

For, restless as the foamy tide,
Unsteady as the sea,
The Nation rocks upon the wave,
Uncertainty.

And thus the dying year goes out,
Amid its restless throes;
And o'er the finis of its work
The records close.

But as the New Year wakes again,
United still in Thee,
Be every bond renewed in love
And fealty.

And peace and harmony pervade
This land from shore to shore,
And freedom's soil in richness yield
Her golden store.

Thrice happy Nation—wealth and power
Throughout thy broad domain;
Thy North and South, the East and West.
A fertile plain.

The hum of industry is heard
On every foreign shore,
And immigration's constant tide
Must yearly pour.

No more oppression's power is felt
Upon this free-born soil,
Nor stinted treasure unrequites
The lab'ers toil.

Hand clasped in hand from North to South
The chasm closes o'er,
Removing hate's dividing lines,
Forevermore.

The harmonies of nature blend
Their influences in one,
The cooling breeze, the gentle shower,
The genial sun.

A little tributary stream,
Wound gently to the sea
And lost within the rushing tide,
Identity.

And yet, amid that vast expanse
Of waters, formed a part
Of the broad channel that conveyed
To commerce mart.

So every state, united land,
Essential seems to be
Creative of a nation's wealth,
In unity.

And as the closing of the year
Reminds us of the power
By which our nation is upheld
In every hour.

O, let us in devotion join
And gratefully proclaim
His loving kindness while we praise
His loving name.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Who tells us soft breezes around her shall blow?
Who know of her future or ever can know?
The morning dawns cloudless, the sun beaming high,
And nature seems lovely beneath the fair sky,
And warmed by the sun rays and watered by
showers
Spring forth from the earth bed, the beautiful
flowers
As meek and as peerless, as fair and as true
As the clear crystal streamlet, or bright sparkling
dew,
This, this the bright morning, when youth and when
love
Are as pure and as perfect, as angels above
When out on the voyage of life's wearisome way
Our dear ones betake them, the happy and gay,
To enter the bark, and drift out from the shore
From whence the fair freightage is borne ever more,
O'er wild surging billows, adown the life stream,
Away from their home-land, their morning's bright
dream,
The vessel is anchored, the morn bright and clear,
The dear ones are happy in this their loved sphere.
This is but a figure—the voyage is but life,
Her *sphere* to be trusting, and *faithful* as wife,
Her sphere to be loving and gentle and true,
And watchful and patient, life's long journey
through,
To chase away sorrow, to smile through a tear
And laugh when her bosom is laden with fear,
The joy of her fond heart her eye must bespeak,
The blush of the maiden must mantle her cheek,
Her heart 'mid its throbbings in silence must beat,
Her step softly treading all wary her feet;

Thus onward, aye onward through life fair or drear,
 Fulfilling the mission assigned to her sphere,
 And thus on life's pages you'll see to the wife
 Belong the most arduous duties of life
 Till oft their bright fancies love's beautiful themes
 Became the heart's canker of troublesome dreams,
 Then out of the soft silken thread of her life
 Let her weave stronger webs to fit her for wife,
 That matron or maiden, which ever she be,
 When tost on the waves of life's troublesome sea
 May feel she's the power when the tide winds shall
 blow,
 'Mid the changeable currents, her *own* boat to row
 With strength and with courage and firmness to
 show
 To the babbling world and the wild winds that
 blow,
 And to those who would cant on the sphere of the
 fair,
 With talk light as bawbles that float on the air,
 That she knows her *true* sphere and a proper one
 too,
 And one that *true* woman will ever pursue;
 But she does *not* believe that her grand life was
 given
 To dwell in the shade, 'neath the pure light of
 heaven,
 But to joy in the sunlight around her to steal
 The bright soul's aspirings—that all mortals feel;
 While ever to cherish the ties of this life,
 The fond loving mother, the daughter and wife,
 Yet but to feel in return that love pure and true,
 As nobly attends her life long journey through,
 That woman, *true* woman may speak and may
 think,
 May come to the fountain of Knowledge and drink.

There crowning her life in the same sparkling
stream,
The joy and the fullness of life's brightest dream;
The world's full of beauty, and beautiful themes
Of beautiful figures, and beautiful dreams,
And beautiful fancies, and beautiful lives,
And the lovely alliance of husbands and wives;
But yet in deep bondage are beautiful lives,
Yet are they awaking, as time onward flies
And will gird on more strength as trials arise;
Like the bark that glides safely in sunshine and calm,
But reefs her when entering the virulent storm,
Not the pets and the pansie and delicate flowers
To be strewn by the wild wind, or drenched by
the showers,
But neutrally, physically, able to share
Life's joys and life's sorrows, life's toils and life's
cares.

STORM KING AND ENGINEER

The white plumed Storm-kings
In battle array,
Had planned a fierce fight
On the engines, one day;

And, with Heaven's artill'ry,
A volley they pour,
And keep up a steady
And increasing roar.

While Boreas, the storm god,
Lead on in the van
And challenged the rail-rovers
Each one to a man.

And he howled and he hooted
And whistled amain
"As though Lok, the destroyer,
Had burst from his chain."

'Till writhing and twisting
This demon of storm
Vied with fiends in the tactics
They nightly perform.

But the brave engineers
With brave face to the gale,
'Mid tempest of wind,
And of ice, and of hail.

Rode into the fight
To give blow for blow
And plowed through the trenches
Of ice, and of snow.

With the speed of the lightning
The war-horse of steam
Fronts the demon of storm
While his fiery eyes gleam.

And onward right onward
By night and by day
With the prowess of warriors
He battles away.

But the storm-king unyielding
Determined to stay
For a long winter's siege,
On the engines to play.

Till the hoot of the whistle
All lost in the gale
Pealed out on the air
Like a dismal wail.

Yet onward right onward
Still onward they go,
Right over the icebanded
Fetters below.

In the heat of a contest
When danger is near,
The bravest are often
Reluctant to steer.

But the brave engineers
Are the heroes to-day
Who have faithfully,
Nobly, battled away.

Now here is the moral
If you're striving to do,
With your might and your main
And you fail to pull through.

We ask in all reason,
Of the grumbling crew,
Was the fault of Boreas
Or the men of "true blue?"

And perhaps it were well
In this age of fast mail
To think, through the din
Of old Boreas' wail.

How the post-men of yore
Would come tugging along
With the mail bags that greeted
The impatient throng.

MUSIC.

Music, gentle floating music,
Filling earth and air and sea;
Ever in thy ceaseless murmuring
Comes thy deepest tone to me.

Not alone in harp tones trilling
Nor the lute's soft melody,
But the tones that touch the heart chords,
Love and Truth and Liberty.

Tones where heart to heart is speaking
In a language all its own—
'Mid its dim recesses seeking,
But an echo of its own.

Tones that harmonize together,
Where emotions steep and strong—
Waken to a sense of justice,
Deepen with a sense of wrong.

Music, gentle floating music,
Filling earth and air and sea—
Warbling songsters, evening zephyrs
Thrill my heart with melody.

UNRECOGNIZED, BUT NOT FORGOT

I had not known thee, when we met,
Because long years had flown;
Nor would I easily forget—
But you had older grown.

Yet when reproachfully you said,
In softened tones to me:
"I know that many years have fled,
Still I remember thee."

You touched at once the silent chord
Which thrilled to memories chimes,
And in the magic of thy word,
Awoke the olden times.

And as we meet, my friend to part,
This pledge I make to thee—
Unrecognized—yet in my heart
Thou'lt live in memory.

SYMPATHY

What! do not want the sympathy
That kindly hearts bestow—
Let cold indif'rence steal thine own
'Gainst warm hearts gentle flow?

Of feeling pulsing through the breast,
For you 'mid strife and care,
From those whose hands most gladly would
Thy heavy burdens bear—

Would'st lighten all the ills of life
That round thy pathway teem,
And picture fairest scenes to fill
Thy young life's fondest dream?

Hearts that but yield unselfish love
And lavish it on thee,
Alone can feel an int'rest in
Thy future destiny.

Did'st never feel a chilling thrill,
In this cold, selfish world,
From ice-clad hearts whose envious scorn
Indif'rence round thee hurled?

Want not the sympathy that springs
Unconscious though it be,
In all the fullness of regard,
Outgushing, and for thee?

Lik'st not the clasp of kindly hand,
The love-light of the eye—
Feel'st not some throb within thy heart
When sympathy is nigh?

Would'st tread the desert waste of life
All selfish and alone,
With no dependence on a friend,
No friendship 'round thee thrown?

Would'st steel thy heart nor dare to trust
To friendship's offer given?
My friend, 'tis loving faith alone
That ope's the gates of heaven.

This world is not so bad a world,
Nor cold as 'twould appear;
Oft when we little heed there is
Some warm heart throbbing near.

If scenes like these awaken not
That frigid heart of thine,
I ask not one responsive note,
To vibrate unto mine.

Ah! sad mistake, for thou may'st feel,
Sometime with longing heart,
Thou'd'st have some sympathetic word
Its healing balm impart.

Unseal that frozen heart of thine,
And let the fervent glow
Of kind and tender sympathies
On thee their love bestow.

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. S. N.
SHERMAN

They have laid him to rest, the lone spirit has fled,
And the last service rendered, entombing the dead;
It has gone on bright wings to the Father who gave,
And the corse is lain low in the depths of the grave.
Let him rest!

On the banks of the St. Lawrence, where the clear
waters flow,
Where the hedge in its verdure and beauty, will
grow,
Where the mourners will come, in the swift pass-
ing years,
And bending above them bedew them with tears.
Let him rest!

Where the last rays of sunlight, will lingering beam
And the moon in her beauty light up the dark scene;
Where the swells gently rolling the green mound
will lave,
And the first gleam of morning breaks forth o'er
the grave.
Let him rest!

While the spirit has soared to the Father in bliss,
And severed are ties that have bound it to this;
And broken are bonds, and the cords are all riven,
But there's hope, dearest hope, of reunion in Heaven.
Let him rest!

It is sweet to return, to the Father at length,
When life is bereft of its vigor and strength;

Nor lost are high honors, fair virtue and fame,
Though *dead they* will live to encircle his name.
Let him rest!

Though time should steal on, with its noiseless tread,
And dry up the tears, that are shed for the dead;
Yet memory ne'er sleeps, and in visions will send
Loved thoughts of the scholar, the patriot and friend.
Let him rest!

Oh! yes, there is rest for the pilgrims above
Where they dwell in the sunlight of God's precious
love;
Where they wake not to sorrow, to sadness ne'er
wake;
Let them sleep, sweetly sleep, 'till the morning will
break. Let him rest!

PENCILINGS FROM ONE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

No wonder Bonnie Castle rears
Her head above these isles,
Or genius loves to yearly come
Where crystal water wiles.

No wonder jeweled hands would dip
Beneath this sparkling wave,
Or weary feet would long to come
And 'neath these waters lave.

No wonder by this cooling stream
From summer's fervent heat,
That hands clasp hands from other shores,
And here in friendship meet.

No wonder whitening sails are seen
Like phantoms on the tide,
And lovers ply the dipping oar,
And o'er the waters glide.

No wonder in these lovely isles
The statesman seeks a rest—
And here beguiles the summer hours
With many a favorite guest.

Flow on St. Lawrence! Gently roll
Till time shall be no more;
And lightly may the white sails dip
Thy heaving bosom o'er.

Flow on, and may the spirits flow
That oft oppress the soul

More lightly, as they dip the oar
Where glossy waters roll.

Around this lively ale sweep on,
And send thy gentle spray
With moisture o'er these mossy rocks
Where velvet carpets lay.

TO OUR SOLDIERS

*(Respectfully dedicated to the soldiers who
met at the late re-union in Gouverneur)*

We hail you, soldiers nobly brave,
With welcome warm and true;
For deep within our hearts there lives
A reverence, due to you.

"To you who bear the scar of war,
Which evermore will be,
Iron bands that bind our hearts to yours—
True friends of liberty.

To you, brave volunteers, whose fame
Must live forevermore;
And you, who marched to battle front,
Three hundred thousand more—

To you our hearts this day respond,
As they have done before,
When with the charging hosts you stood
Mid cannon's deadly roar.

To you, this day, again we call
In strength, and power, and might,
To hold the dangerous foe at bay,
And rally for the right.

By all the past our zeal is fired,
In agony and tears;
By all the dangers that awoke
Our periled nation's fears;